A

HYMN

TO

Confinement.

Written by the Author of the Caſe of the Church of *England's* Memorial fairly ſtated; *&c. while in Durance. Fit to be ſtitch'd up with the ſaid Pamphlet.*

To which is added,

A *POEM* on the ſame Subject by the Famous Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange*, when in *Newgate*, in the Days of *Oliver's* Uſurpation.

Nunquam minus ſolus, quam cum ſolus.

LONDON,

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514.

A

HYMN

TO

CONTENTMENT.

The Preface.

MAN is born to Trouble, as the Sparks fly upwards, *ſay the Holy Scriptures; and the Author of this has experienc'd the Truth of the Aſſertion more than once: But* ſhall I receive Good from the Hands of the Lord, and ſhall I not alſo receive Evil? *is what is deliver'd from the ſame Oracle; and as the Author of this has had ſome Advantages which every one has not had, tho' he has neglected the Uſe of them; ſo he holds himſelf contented to labour under ſome Miſfortunes others are free from. Among the reſt, what touch him the moſt ſenſible, are the Miſrepreſentations his Enemies have been pleas'd to give of him, which indeed have occaſion'd theſe Reflections in Metre. A certain Author has been pleas'd to ſay before him, that* tho' Verſe is a confin'd ſort of Writing, yet no Body hates Confinement more than Poets; *and* Horace, *in his ſecond Book of Epiſtles to* Julius Florus, *has*

------ Romana Poemata cenſes
Scribere poſſe inter tot Curas, totque Labores?

But Confinement to a Man that is conſcious to himſelf of no Crime that deſerves it, has a quite contrary Effect. Not that he would be here thought to arraign the Juſtice of his Superiors; he has been too heavily charg'd already by one in Authority, with the Guilt of that Fault, and acquieſces under the Diſpleaſure that follows it, becauſe it is his doing. *But he has ranſack'd his Memory for any thing written by him inconſiſtent with the publick Peace, or contrary to the Well-being of the preſent Go-*

vernment in Church or State, and has this to comfort him, that he has not only made Uſe of his Pen in Defence of her Majeſty when Princeſs, *whoſe Character and Conduct the D.....s were very free with; but was one of the firſt that vindicated Her and her Miniſtry when* Queen, *from the Aſperſions caſt upon them in a Libel call'd* The Golden Age.

As for this preſent Publication, he had once deſign'd to drop it, tho' a Sheet was printed off, becauſe he was well aſſur'd there would not be wanting ſuch as would miſrepreſent it; but an old out of Date Excuſe muſt be in Faſhion for him this time, and what is pleaded as a Cloak for other Peoples Vanity, *is humbly deſired may be receiv'd as an Argument of his not making a Breach in the Rules of* Modeſty; *ſince the Copy had been ſo long out of his Hands, that he did not know, if witheld from making its publick Appearance this way, but it might be improv'd to his Diſadvantage, by Inſertions,* &c.

Since the Writing of this Hymn, *a Perſon of Honour has been pleas'd to preſent its unworthy Author with a Manuſcript Poem, ſaid to be Sir* Roger L'Eſtrange's, *that bears it company. Whether it has been printed before or not, does not make much to the Purpoſe, ſince the Time when written in, was under* Oliver's *Uſurpation, and the Goodneſs of it is of ſo recommendatory a Nature, as to entitle it to a ſecond Review; and it's but Juſtice to his Author, as well as himſelf, to ſhew where he has happen'd to light upon any of his Thoughts, becauſe to think like Sir* Roger L' Eſtrange *once in his Life, is enough to recommend him to his Reader's Approbation ever after.*

517.

A HYMN TO Confinement.

Written by the Author of the Caſe of the Church of *England*'s Memorial fairly ſtated; *&c. while in Durance. Fit to be ſtitch'd up with the ſaid Pamphlet.*

I.

HAIL, bleſs'd Abode! thou Manſion of Repoſe;
O falſely ſtil'd the Seat of Human Woes!
By whoſe inſtructive Leſſons we are taught
How to enlarge our Souls, and ſet them free;

518.

How to be unconfin'd in Thought,
And foar above Mankind's miſtaken Liberty.

II.

Locks, Bolts, and Bars, may ſtrike upon the Sight,
Objects are terrible to Mortal Eyes,
May carry with them a Surprize,
But never can a guiltleſs Mind affright.
Bright Innocence diſdains
The Force of Threatnings, and the Weight of Chains,
As all the Inſolence, and all the Wrongs
Of factious and opprobrious Tongues,
Add to its Energy and Worth,
Raiſe up thoſe Spirits which the Guilty ſink,
The more depreſs'd, the more they think,
And give the nobleſt Contemplations Birth.

III.

O State of Life! that bring'ſt a nearer View
Of Happineſs, which flies our Search and Care,
That let'ſt us into Joys we never knew,
And ſhew'ſt us what we've been, and what we are;
What Praiſe is not thy Due?

Thou

Thou art the Miſtreſs, from whoſe Rules we learn
Whom to ſuſpect, and whom to truſt:
Thou only to thy Pupils juſt,
Mak'ſt them their Enemies, and Friends diſcern;
While by thy Touch-ſtone try'd,
The Strength of Oaths and Promiſes is found
And counterfeit Pretenſions laid aſide,
Give way to Sterling Vows, for Standard Truth renown'd.

IV.

Welcome, *Confinement*, all the tedious Hours
Which Criminals in conſcious Sighs employ,
And melt away in Briny Showers
Of Tears, ſhall wing themſelves to me with Joy;
Joy, that I by the beſt of Queens have ſtood,
And dar'd to vindicate the *Stuarts* Blood:
That to the beſt of Churches I have paid
The Duty which I owe,
And ſpight of its too powerful Foe,
The beſt of C——ſt——ns wept to ſee betray'd

V.

V.

Theirs be the Sorrow, ſince the Crime is theirs,
Whoſe Injuries provok'd my Pen,
Amidſt this Perturbation of Affairs,
To right the beſt of Queens, of Churches, and of Men:
Men, whoſe Regard for things Divine,
Call'd every Bleſſing down
Upon the People and the Crown,
And made ſerener Days with Beams auſpicious ſhine.

VI.

Not but their Wrongs a due Concern ſhould move,
Ev'en while the Muſe contemns her own,
And it's but Juſtice that her Love
Should by her Tears be ſhown.
Take them, ye Patriots, whoſe Removal claims
The Watry Tribute of her flowing Eyes,
Which cannot give Supplies
Enough to mourn ſuch Venerable Names.
O Great and Good,
Accept the Briny Preſent ſhe beſtows,

Though

Though every Tear ſhould be a Flood,
If equal to her Griefs, proportion'd to her Woes.

VII.

But why ſhould I my loneſome Moments ſpend
In Acts too mean for Innocence?
Tears may give Heav'n Offence,
Which ever will preſerve what theſe defend.
Rather, my Son, the bleſs'd *Euſebia* cries,
Give the Almighty Praiſe,
That could ſuch bright Examples raiſe,
To influence thy Soul, and tempt thine Eyes.
Weep not for them, but for a poiſon'd Land,
Whoſe Taſte is ſo deprav'd,
They their own Happineſs withſtand,
And labour to be damn'd, deteſting to be ſav'd.

VIII.

And lo, the Son his Parent's Voice obeys;
Their bright Example tempts me from my Grief;
Their bright Example gives Relief,
And Extaſies of Joy within my Breaſt conveys,
As all tranſported with the dazling Scene,

522.

I ſee what others *are*, from what they've *been*;
Ev'n while I muſt deſpair,
Amidſt this endleſs Circle of Delight,
That raviſhes my Sight
Of ſeeing others *be*, what theſe fam'd Heroes *are*.

IX.

Nor ſhall their Virtues be by me unſung,
While Verſe has Numbers, or the Muſe a Tongue,
While Heav'n provides Rewards above
For Loyalty and Love,
And does them Right that ſuffer Wrong.
The more they are depreſs'd, the more they riſe
In the Affections of the Juſt,
And Truth, tho' unregarded, muſt
Attract the Rev'rence of our Hearts and Eyes.

X.

What, if from Poſts of Honour they're diſplac'd,
And they no more in Courts reſide,
That ſhould have been the Courtier's Pride;
For their fam'd Zeal too zealouſly diſgrac'd?
Honour conſiſts not in a Poſt,

Nor

523.

Nor ſtands in need of Varniſh, to ſet forth
Invaluable Worth:
Of *Tinſel* Greatneſs let the Vicious boaſt,
Obſcurity does make it *ſhine* the moſt.
So Pictures take a *Luſtre* from their *Shade*;
So Diamonds owe their *Brightneſs* to the *Night*,
And Gems in *Darkneſs* are *diſplay'd*,
That always ſparkle leaſt, when moſt expos'd to Light.

XI.

Nature, that's prone to the Purſuit of Gain,
May prompt the Sycophant to make his Court
To ſuch as Dignities obtain,
Poſſeſs'd of *Fortune*, to be *Fortune*'s Sport.
Few to the ſetting Sun their Homage pay,
Like *Perſians*, who adore it in the *Eaſt*,
But ne'er ſalute it verging to the *Weſt*,
Unthankful for the Gifts of the preceeding Day.
Yet will I not a vulgar Temper ſhow,
Greatneſs to me's contemptible and low:
If Actions ſuit not with its high Eſtate,
It has my *Pity*, not *Eſteem*;

The

The Muſe diſdains the Theme,
And he that is the *Good*, with her muſt be the *Great*.

XII.

O bliſsful Paradice! O Peace of Mind!
That I within theſe Wall'd Encloſures find!
Where have I been? where have I ſtray'd?
What wrong Purſuits have I been buſied in?
How have I look'd for Happineſs in Sin?
And for Realities, embrac'd a Shade?
Thou fancy'd Liberty, adieu,
By whoſe Enchantments Mortals are miſled,
By whom they're to Repentance dead;
Farewell, imaginary tempting Shew.

XIII.

But for thy Means, all Nature 'd be ſecure,
The Church, the State, no Enemies would find,
Thou Bane of Human-kind,
Whom nothing but Impriſonment can cure.
Freedom! thou Wilderneſs of Harms,
In which poor Mortals, led aſtray,

525.

To Happineſs miſtake their Way,
Or I have loſt my Sight, or thou haſt loſt thy Charms.

XIV.

The Times will come, and I thoſe Times foreſee,
When the Imperious and the Great
Shall wiſh too late,
That they had been confin'd with me:
That they had been witheld from the Purſuit
Of private Intereſt, and of publick Sin,
Which tempt the Sight *without*, like *Sodom*'s Fruit,
But are all Rottenneſs *within*.
Conſcience will force, what Precept can't perſwade,
Or Preſidents invite;
Living, its Stings they may evade,
But can't when ſwallow'd up in *Death*'s eternal Night.

XV.

Once more then, O Divine Confinement, Hail!
And be thou bleſs'd, O *Palace* of a Goal!
May no vile Tongue thy Walls prophane;
Though Wretches there may be
Unworthy thee,

That these thy Walls contain.
Thou art the Tomb for Human Sins design'd;
Oh, that but mine might have
The Benefit of this thy Grave!
And in thee their Interment wholly find.
Let others extricate themselves from hence
By Gold's all-powerful Prevalence,
That they may act like Libertines again;
Here may I stay, continue here,
Rather than not from what they act, refrain;
I will not buy Repentance half so dear.

XVI.

Alas! for all the Pomp, and all the Show
Misleads our Thoughts abroad;
Ev'n Vanity it self's a Load
Will sink us into endless Woe:
And we of *Liberty* mistake the Price,
Though 'tis inestimable, we must own,
If we, to taste its Sweets, our Reason drown,
And lose our future Hopes in Vice.

Freedom like this, the Vulgar Soul employs;
He's to be chiefly priz'd, that Miſeries enjoys.

XVII.

So the rich Earth within its Womb, contains
The Golden Oar we prize,
And Mines of Diamonds keep their precious Veins
Conceal'd from Mortal Eyes;
When Flints and Pebbles o'er the Surface ſpread,
Are of no Value held,
But choak the Field,
And ſerve to keep the Fallow Lands unfed;
Yet do they ſhare
The Benefit of Sun, and Help of Air,
Amidſt their Vegetative Influence Dead.

528.

XVII.

A POEM *upon* Impriſonment, *written by Sir* Roger L'Eſtrange, *when in* Newgate, *in the Days of* Oliver Cromwell's *Uſurpation.*

BEAT on, proud Billows, *Boreas* blow,
Swell, curled Waves, high as *Jove*'s Roof,
Your Incivility doth ſhow,
That Innocence is Tempeſt-Proof.
Though ſurly *Nereus* frown, my Thoughts are calm;
Then ſtrike, *Affliction*, for thy Wounds are Balm.

That which the World miſcalls a Goal,
A private Cloſet is to me,
Whilſt a good Conſcience is my Bail,
And Innocence my Liberty.
Locks, Bars, and Solitudes together met,
Make me no Pris'ner, but an *Anchorit.*

I, whilſt I wiſh'd to be retir'd,
Into this private *Room* was turn'd,
As if their Wiſdoms had conſpir'd
The Salamander ſhould be burn'd.

The *Cynick* hugs his Novelty,
The *Pelican* her Wilderneſs,
And 'tis the *Iadian*'s Pride to be
Naked on frozen *Caucaſus*.
Contentment cannot ſmart, *Stoicks*, we ſee,
Make Torments eaſy to their Apothy.

Theſe Manacles upon my Arm,
I, as my Miſtreſs's Favours, wear,
And for to keep my Ancles warm,
I have ſome Iron Shackles there.
Theſe Walls are but my Garriſon; this Cell,
Which Men call Goal, doth prove my Cittadel.

So he that ſtruck at *Jaſon*'s Life,
Thinking he had had his Purpoſe ſure,

By a malicious friendly Knife,
Did only wound him to a Cure.
Malice, I ſee, wants Wit; for what is meant
Miſchief, oft times proves Favour by th' Event.

I'm in this Cabinet lock'd up,
Like ſome high-priz'd *Margaret*,
Or like ſome Great *Mogul* or *Pope*,
Am Cloyſter'd up from publick Sight.
Retirement is a Piece of Majeſty,
And thus, proud *Sultan*, I'm as Great as thee.

Here Sin, for want of Food, muſt ſtarve,
Where tempting Objects are not ſeen;
And theſe ſtrong Walls do only ſerve
To keep Vice out, and keep me in.
Malice of late's grown charitable, ſure,
I'm not committed, but am kept ſecure.

When once my Prince Affliction hath,
Proſperity doth Treaſon ſeem;

And to make ſmooth ſo rough a Path,
I can learn Patience from him.
Now, not to ſuffer, ſhews no Loyal Heart;
When Kings want Eaſe, Subjects muſt bear a Part.

Have you not ſeen the *Nightingale*,
A Pilgrim coop'd into a Cage?
How doth ſhe chant her wonted Tale
In that her narrow Hermitage?
Even then her charming Melody doth prove,
That all her Boughs are Trees, her Cage a Grove.

My Soul is free as is the Ambient Air,
Although my baſer Part's immur'd;
Whilſt Loyal Thoughts do ſtill repair,
To accompany my Solitude:
And though immur'd, yet I can chirp and ſing
Diſgrace to Rebels, Glory to my King.

What, though I cannot ſee my King,
Neither in his Perſon or his Coin;

Yet

532.

Yet Contemplation is a Thing
That renders what I have not, mine.
My King from me, what Adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my Heart?

I am that Bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of Liberty;
But though they do my Corps confine,
Yet, maugre Hate, my Soul is free;
Although Rebellion do my Body bind,
My King can only captivate my Mind.

F I N I S.

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